3-26-73

Harold,

Recieved your letter of 3-21st full of it's unhidden sarcasm. Why did you bother to write at all? Am I supposed to sit around and just worry about my problems while running up a bill at the Y I couldn't pay? Hell no! And I absolutely refuse to create new ones. I'm busting my ass trying to solve my immediate problems + going out with people that know about them + are also busting their asses trying to help me with them. That's also how I get free dinners too. I also steal + pocket the packetages of crackers from restaurants + combine them with peanut butter (my 26¢ investment) + eat that way. My leg is far from well. It got fractured Dec. 28th 1972 not last week though. Since then I've had a closed bone reduction done on it + stay pumped full of antibiotics which had vastly reduced the infection level. Yes! They still want to operate on it as that piece of bone could slip loose any time + if a multimillion dollar union is willing to pay for it I think that's terrific because I would never be able to afford it. And I could have used a bone transplant in '68 but they still don't do them yet. And I could personally never be able to afford one anyway. My friend Gary the pilot whom I no longer even date is 34, I don't consider that old. I asked him if he knew Dave + he said he vaguely recalled of him. I don't date hardly at all anymore as I'm now holding down two jobs - full time. Yes. I did all right on my exam - as it was all Radium physics (basic) + Anatomy + physiology - subjects I've always liked + am a whiz at. Also had help cramming for it by someone who had just taken it themselves. I had to call a truce with my parents + I didn't enjoy seeing my Dad cry either for guilt or any reason. And since I won't get paid for 2 weeks more on one job + 22 days more on

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the other it is my parents who are paying for me to stay at the Y which costs $60.00 a wk. plus 15¢ for each phone call plus having to eat all my meals out, plus laundry, plus I had to get whites to wear on one [redacted] job. My mother called me long distance a little while ago to inform me she mailed me a money order air mail so I can get an apartment where it'll be cheaper for me to live until I can get a pay check cashed. Scott & his law partner broke up & he is in private practise by himself & is taking all the $250.00 court appointed cases he can grab just to make ends meet. He is working from 7A.M. till 10pm & later at night every night - & he isn't even getting the $250 for my case because I'm out on bond. His wife - not he - has told me all this & lots more. I know he's busy. Man! I don't need to go to the moon - I need to stay right here on earth & work out my problems - some of which are basic - like eating. And I want to get out of this neighborhood as soon as possible too - 2 people got murdered 3 blocks from here last Thursday in broad daylight & I have a 5 block walk from the bus stop to make every morning at 4A.M getting home from one job & having to be at the other for 8A.M. I'm always late but nobody minds except me. My parents are still very mentally sick people, right now & in the past, I never hated them because of that reason. And a lot of people back home are down on them & that hurts them more. Listen! my bus gets off at the next stop so I have to close.

You - Get real! Sincerely,

Dave